

The history

I with great truth catch mere simplicity,
Whilst some with cunning guild their copper crownes,
With truth and plainesse I do were mine bare:
Feare not my truth, the more all of my wit,
Is plaine and true? ther's all the reach of it,
Welcome sir *Diomed*, here is the Lady,
Which for *Antenor* we deliuer you,
At the port (Lord) Ile giue her to thy hand,
And by the way possesse thee what she is
Entreate her faire, and by my soule faire Greeke,
If ere thou stand at mercy of my sword:
Name *Cressid*, and thy life shalbe as safe,
As *Priam* is in *Illion*?

Diom. Faire Ladie *Cressid*,
So please you saue the thanks this Prince expects:
The lustre in your eye, heauen in your cheeke,
Pleades your faire vsage, and to *Diomed*,
You shalbe mistres, and command him wholly.
Troy. Grecian thou do'st not vse me curteously,
To shame the seale of my petition to thee:
In praising her. I tell thee Lord of Greece,
She is as farre high soaring ore thy praises:
As thou vnworthy to be call'd her seruant,
I charge thee vse her well, euen for my charge:
For by the dreadfull *Pluto*, if thou dost not,
Though the great bulke *Achilles* bethy guard,
Ile cut thy throate.

Diom. Oh be not mou'd Prince *Troilus*,
Let me be priueledg'd by my place and message:
To be a speaker free? when I am hence,
Ile answer to my lust, and know you Lord
Ile nothing do on charge, to her owne worth,
Shee shalbe priz'd: but that you say be't so,
I speake it in my spirit and honour no.

Troy. Come to the port Ile tel thee *Diomed*,
This braue shall oft make thee to hide thy head,
Lady giue me your hand, and as we walke,
To our owne selues bend we our needfull talke.

Paris.

of Troilus and Cresseida.

Paris. Harke *Hectors* trumpet?

Aene. How haue we spent this morning?
The Prince must thinke me tardy and remisse,
That swore to ride before him to the field,

Par. Tis *Troilus* false, come, come, to field with him. *Exen.*

Enter Ajax armed, Achilles, Patroclus, Agam.

Menelaus, Vlisses, Nestor, Calcas, &c.

Aga. Here art thou in appointment fressh and faire,
Anticipating time, With starting courage,
Giue with thy trumpet a loude note to *Troy*
Thou dreadfull *Ajax* that the appauled aie,
May pearce the head of the great Combatant, and hale him
hither.

Ajax. Thou, trumpet, ther's my purse,
Now cracke thy lungs, and split thy brasen pipe:
Blow villaine, till thy sphered Bias cheeke,
Out-swell the collick of puffed *Aquilon*,
Come stretch thy chest, and let thy eyes spout bloud:
Thou blowest for *Hector*.

Vliss. No trumpet answers.

Achil. Tis but early daies.

Aga. Is not yond *Diomed* with *Calcas* daughter?

Vliss. Tis he, I ken the manner of his gate,
He rises on the too: that spirit of his
In aspiration lifts him from the earth.

Aga. Is this the Lady *Cressid*?

Diom. Euen she.

Aga. Most deerely welcome to the Greekes sweete Lady.

Nest. Our generall doth salute you with a kisse.

Vliss. Yet is the kindnesse but perticular, twere better shee
were kist in general. *(Nestor.)*

Nest. And very courtly counsell. Ile beginne: so much for

Achil. Ile take that winter from your lips faire Lady,

Achilles bids you welcome.

Men. I had good argument for kissing once.

Patro. But thats no argument for kissing now,

For thus pop't *Paris* is in his hardiment,
And parted thus, you and your argument.

I

Vliss.